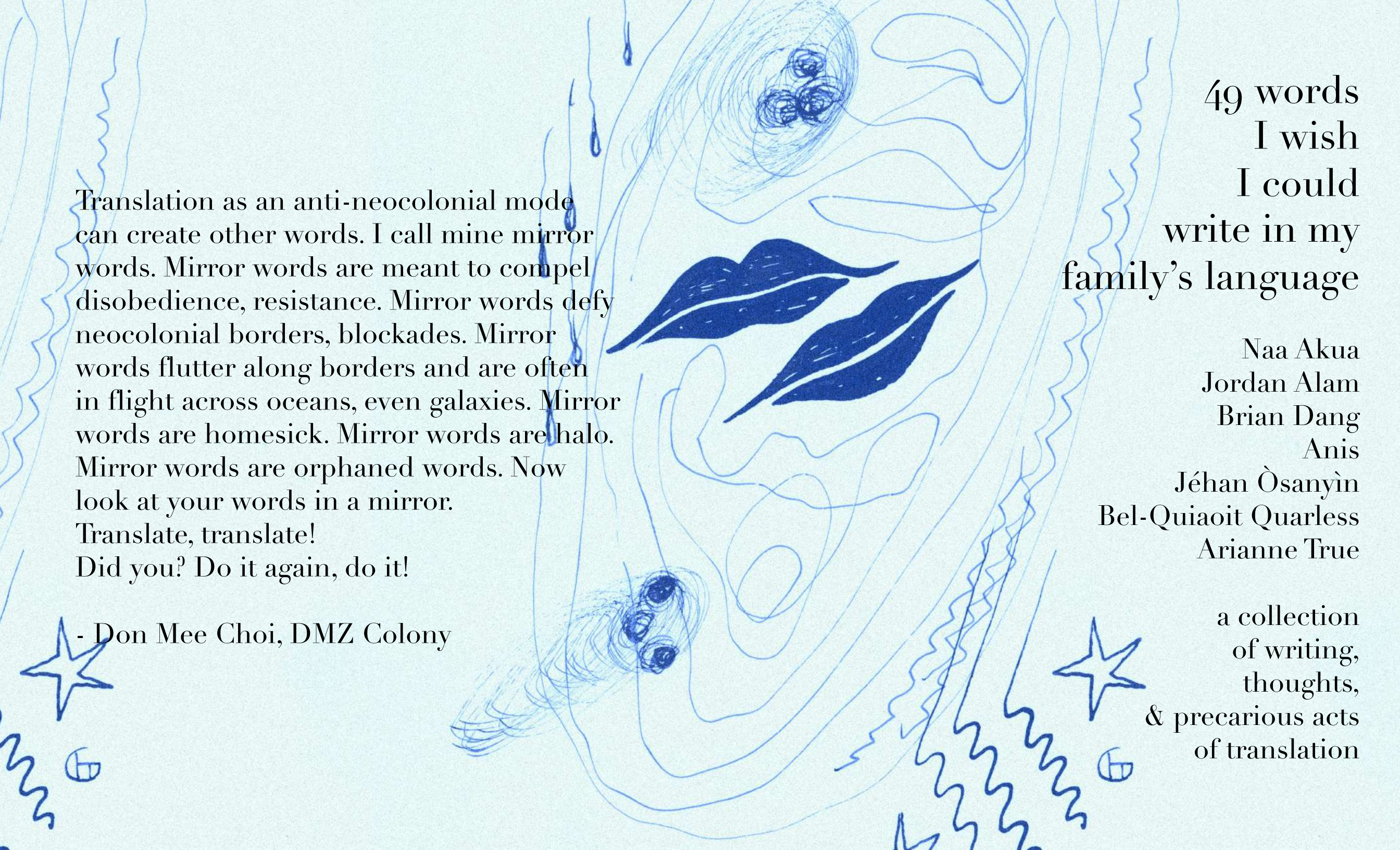




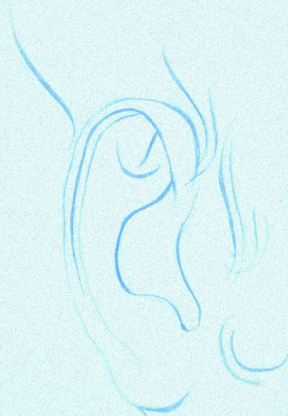
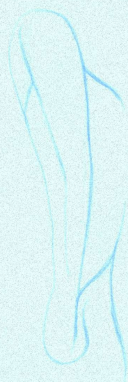
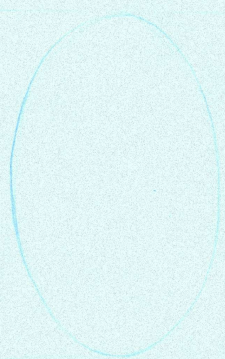
Translation as an anti-neocolonial mode
can create other words. I call mine mirror
words. Mirror words are meant to compel
disobedience, resistance. Mirror words defy
neocolonial borders, blockades. Mirror
words flutter along borders and are often
in flight across oceans, even galaxies. Mirror
words are homesick. Mirror words are halo.
Mirror words are orphaned words. Now
look at your words in a mirror.
Translate, translate!
Did you? Do it again, do it!

- Don Mee Choi, DMZ Colony

49 words
I wish
I could
write in my
family's language

Naa Akua
Jordan Alam
Brian Dang
Anis
Jéhan Òsanyìn
Bel-Quiaoit Quarless
Arianne True

a collection
of writing,
thoughts,
& precarious acts
of translation



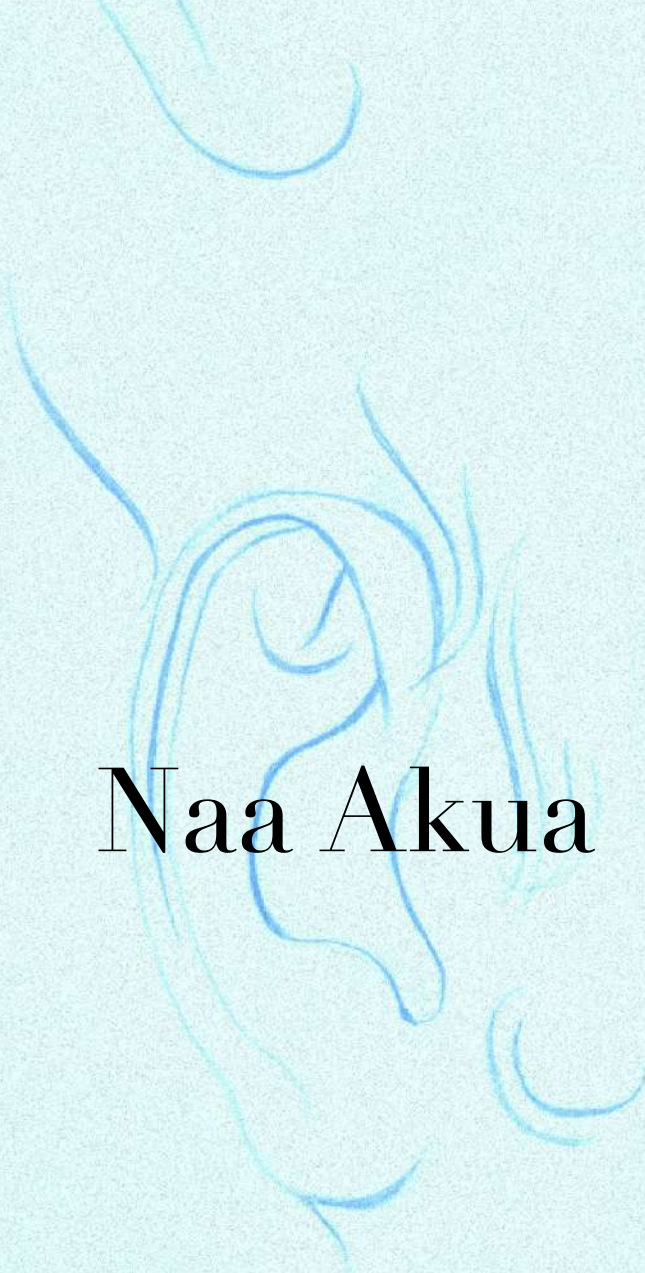
a brief introduction

This is the collection of work created for the project *49 words I wish I could write in my family's language*. We all have different relationships and levels of fluency to the languages of our ancestral homes; all are complicated by history. A few guiding notes:

- this is the best I can do with the language and mouth I have right now
- what is a border? is translation a crossing/migration?
- how can translation address gaps we feel due to language?

Some pieces only feature a quote of the larger, commissioned piece (as they are finding their way into the world).

Thank you for holding this with us.



Naa Akua

Dear Yvette,

Boys, Do you remember your fascination? Do you remember when you asked your mom, "why wasn't I a boy?" She answered you by saying "because you are a girl." Then you told her later on that you wanted to name yourself "Patricia" because you liked the name. You were on a quest to figure out what suited you. You wanted to know what costume would fit this type of soul/body/flesh. They say to be with the opposite sex is to find your cosmic missing piece. To become the opposite sex is an abomination. **Who is the authority** on how you finish your puzzle piece?

Dear Whisper,

I am not the best translator when it comes to love. At many times I overthink it or only think it.

Love is a verb. It is an energy that sometimes you can't see. Sometimes you are in a moment / a space / a time

And so much is going on or nothing at all. And letters appear like the game show "Wheel of Fortune". And before the buzzer could ring for you to guess the phrase. It's already happened. That's love.

Ablebi juro,

Jee moko ni miboo modeŋ ye suɔmo he wiemo. Bei pii le, mi jweŋmo yafaa fe nine aloo mijweo he keke.

Suɔmo! Eji Feemo wiemo. Eji mlila ni bei pii le anaaa. Bei pii hu le, oye beyino ko mli.

Ni nibii babao miiya no aloo noko eyaaano. Ni niŋmaa ŋaabii feo bo tamɔ aso shwemo ko ni yoo TV no “Wheel of Fortune.” Ni

dani ŋmele le baagbee ni okala wiemo fa le.

Enina bo jeeŋmo. Nakai Suɔmo yoo.

Language as culture is thus mediating between me and my own self; between my own self and other selves; between me and nature. Language is mediating in my very being.

...

For a colonial child, the harmony existing between the three aspects of language as communication was irrevocably broken. This resulted in the disassociation of the sensibility of that child from [their] natural and social environment, what we might call colonial alienation.

...

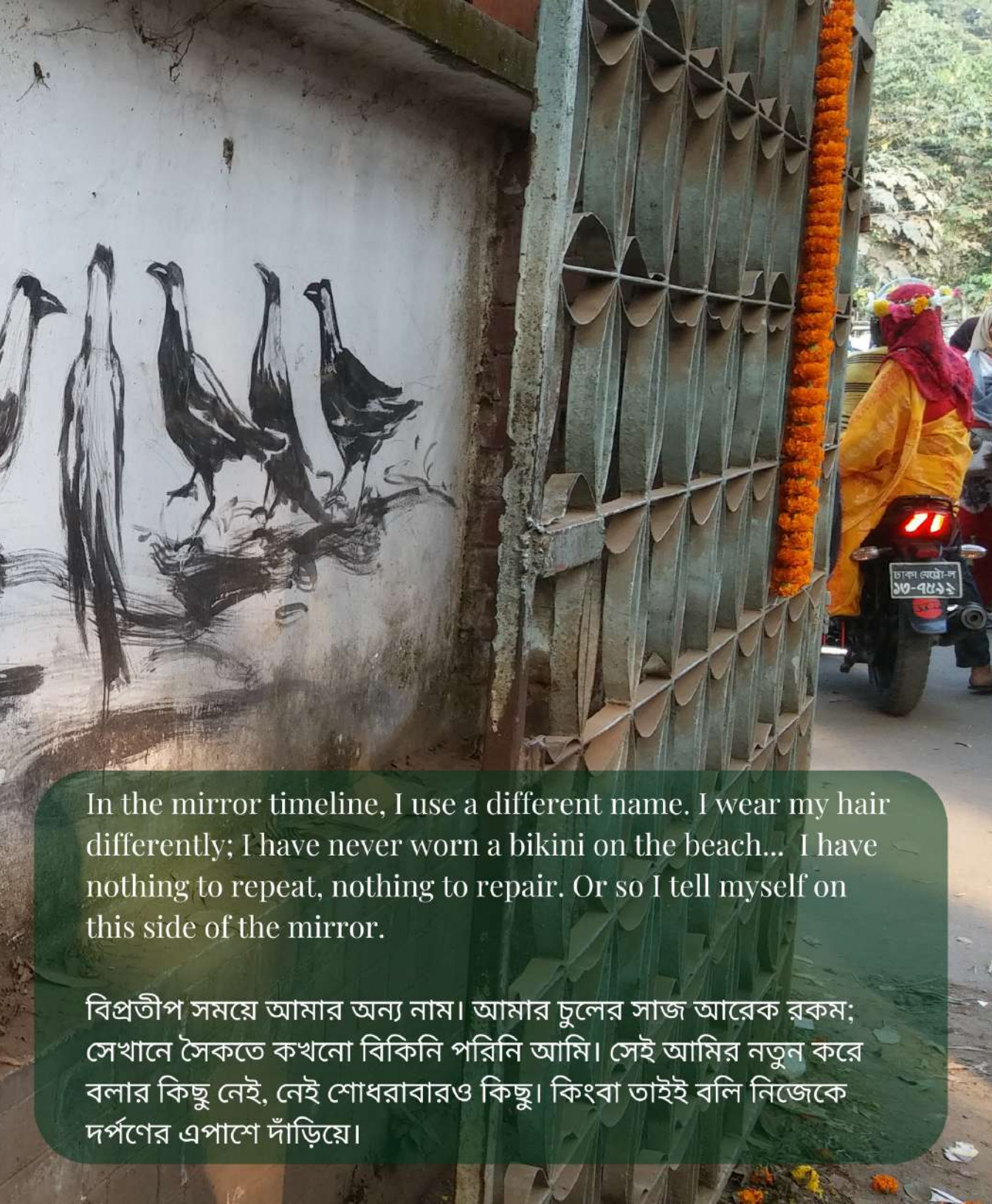
the colonial child was made to see the world and where [they stand] in it as seen and defined by or reflected in the culture of the language of imposition.

- Ngūgĩ wa Thiong'o, *Decolonising the Mind*

The background is a light blue color with faint, wavy lines in shades of blue and green. In the center, there is a sketch of a human ear, also in blue and green lines. The text "Jordan Alam" is written in a black, serif font, centered over the ear sketch.

Jordan Alam





In the mirror timeline, I use a different name. I wear my hair differently; I have never worn a bikini on the beach... I have nothing to repeat, nothing to repair. Or so I tell myself on this side of the mirror.

বিপ্রতীপ সময়ে আমার অন্য নাম। আমার চুলের সাজ আরেক রকম; সেখানে সৈকতে কখনো বিকিনি পরিনি আমি। সেই আমার নতুন করে বলার কিছু নেই, নেই শোধরাবারও কিছু। কিংবা তাইই বলি নিজেকে দর্পণের এপাশে দাঁড়িয়ে।

Is it right that [one] should abandon [their] mother tongue for someone else's? It looks like a dreadful betrayal and produces a guilty feeling. But for me there is no other choice. I have been given the language and I intend to use it.

- Chinua Achebe

The background of the entire image is a light blue color with a fine, grainy texture. Overlaid on this background are several thin, dark blue lines. These lines are mostly horizontal and wavy, resembling stylized waves or perhaps the outlines of mountains. There are also some vertical or near-vertical lines interspersed among the horizontal ones, creating a complex, layered pattern. The lines vary in thickness and intensity, with some appearing more prominent than others.

Brian Dang

To whom it may concern (or, an introduction)

I wish it didn't have to happen like this. The circumstances of my mouth are simply this: I do not have enough so I'm sorry. My mouth is sorry. My tongue is sorry. I'm teeth sorry. I'm word sorry. I'm lip sorry. I have no excuses sorry. I have nothing to say sorry. I'm saying the wrong thing sorry. I don't know how to say this sorry. I wish I could tell you sorry. There's so much you don't know sorry. Like what happened today sorry. This magical thing happened today sorry. It made me believe in a God sorry. You taught me how to pray sorry. But do you still believe in your Gods sorry?

To whom it may concern (or, an introduction)

I wish it didn't have to happen like this. The circumstances of my mouth are simply this:
I do not have enough so I'm sorry. 我個口對唔住. 我嘅脷對唔住. 我牙對唔住. 我詞
對唔住. 我唇對唔住. 我有借口對唔住. 我有嘢講對唔住. 我講嘅都錯晒對唔住. 我
唔知點講對唔住. 我希望我識講對唔住. 你唔知嘅嘢多咗對唔住. 好似今日發生嘅
事對唔住. 今日發生一件事好似魔術對唔住. 呢個件事允許我相信個神對唔住. 你
教過我點樣祈禱對唔住. 但你仲信嗎在你妳啲神對唔住?

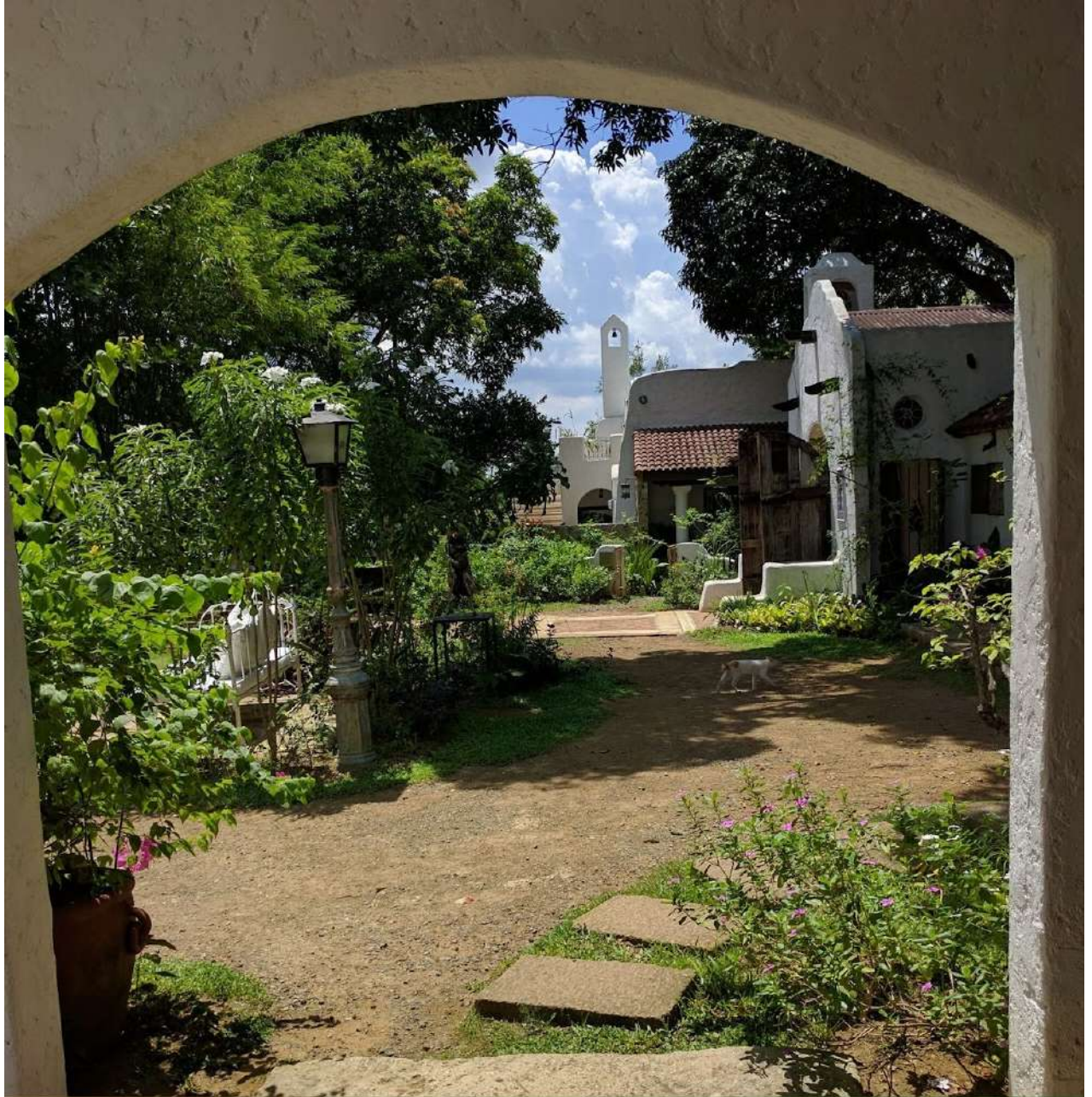
49 words I wish I could write in my family's language
49个單詞，我希望我能用我屋企人嘅語言寫

1. affection 感情
2. apologize 道歉
3. belong 屬於
4. blessing 保佑
5. boat 船
6. border 境
7. bread 麵包
8. break (rest) 休息
9. break (to bring to an end) 結束
10. break (to pieces) 打爛
11. breath 呼吸
12. capitalism 資本主義
13. class (social and economic group) 階層
14. close (door) 門
15. close (eyes) 合
16. death 死亡
17. dream 夢
18. earth 地球
19. feeling (emotion) 感覺
20. fire (emotion) 激情
21. friend 朋友
22. gender 性別
23. ghost 鬼

- 24. home 家
- 25. homosexual 同性戀
- 26. imperialism 帝國主義
- 27. hurt (to cause injury) 害
- 28. hurt (to feel pain) 痛
- 29. inherit 繼承
- 30. labor 勞動
- 31. land 土地
- 32. leave 離開
- 33. lie (to exist) 喺
- 34. magic 魔術
- 35. may (wish) 希望
- 36. migration 移居
- 37. mom 媽媽
- 38. need 需要
- 39. open 開
- 40. police 警察
- 41. pork 豬肉
- 42. sea 海
- 43. song 歌
- 44. survival 生存
- 45. us 我哋
- 46. voice 聲音
- 47. whole 整個
- 48. word 詞
- 49. word (promise) 承諾



Anis



anong tawag sa isang bahay na maaring iwanan ng iyong ina
anong tawag sa isang bahay na maaari mong iwanan

Anis at Dra. Victoria Gardner

I spend a lot of time reading the dictionary. The word “grammar” is etymologically related to the word “charm.” Most words have fabulous etymologies. Thrilling histories. Words are very old things. Because words are so old they hold; they have a big connection with the what was. Words are spells in our mouths.

- Suzan-Lori Parks, “Elements of Style”



Jéhan Òsanyìn

my father always wanted me to learn spanish because,

"spanish is everywhere in Jamaica!"

sometimes I hear what hear his desires in my mind. here.
a little behind my ear

it was very important to him. He always wanted me to proclaim,
"i am Jamaican!"

so...I need to have three tongues in my mouth; patwa, spanish, english

but if I were to tell the truth, my father only has one language: despising himself

"children children!"

"yes, papa!"

"where you been?"

"with grandmama"

mi papa siempre queria que aprendiera español porque,

"Espanol esta en todas partes en Jamaica!"

algun veces escucho lo que el deseas en mi mente. aqui:
un poco mas atras de mi oreja.

fue muy importante a el. Él quiere que yo proclame:

"Yo soy Jamaicana!"

asi que necesito tener tres lenguas en mi boca; patwa, espanol, ingles.

pero si digo la verdad mi papa tenia solo una idioma: Despreciarse.

"chirren chirren!"

"yes, papa!"

"where 'av yuh been to?"

"with granmama"

"I won't raise an american child!"

"why does that f*ggot move like that?"

"come here and answer me!"

"go away and leave me!"

"go sit down far away I don't want to be near you."

if i could speak forty nine words in my father's language

i wouldn't be here

"mi nuh wan raise nuh yankee pickney!"

"why dat batty bwoy batty swing suh?"

"Come an ansa, nuh!"

"Gwaan, chuh!"

"Gwaan an siddung ova dehso mi nuh wan be near yuh."

Si pudiera hablar cuarenta y nueve palabras en el idioma de mi papa

yo no podria estar aqui

I pass through there so that

- Solmaz Sharif, *Customs*



Bel Quiaoit

KABALYO KICK

island brothers with the ancient eyes, i had dreamt of you with
coconut husks
and your story ends in
knives.
they have brought us god, good as kindling
(gatong sa gera) the touchwood for war.
remember, the river turns fire hours after
banana leaves and what sticks do for dance. this is the begin of the falter,
song comes scream, which way to run
who's to do the saving. who to grab the babies who to grab the bullets when they start
flying
a professional reaction of terror, we have done this
escape a million times
and i find our bones
in american soil
after we die, and die and die
we'll watch pillaging through the cuts
on our skin. open up my eyes when you find me,
and we'll come from

KABALYO KICK

mga kababayan ko, nanaginip ako sa inyo
kasama yung upak ng niyog
at katapusan yung istorya mo
sa mga tabak
dinadala nila diyos, parang sunog,
gatong sa gera
matandaan, nagsunog yung ilog pagkatapos
dahon ng saging at patpat para sayaw. ito ang simulat ng magkulang
kanta maging hiyaw, saan magtatakbo kami
sino pagsasalba, sino pagsasalba ng mga bata, sino pagsasalba kung nag-apoy ng baril
takas ulit, ulit
tuklis ng mga buto namin
sa lupa ng amerikano
pagkatapos ng mamatay kami, at mamatay ulit, at mamatay ulit
magmalas namin yung mga magnankaw at magkikita namin yung
mga hiwa sa balat namin. kung makakasumpong mo ako, buksan mo yung mata ko
at nararating kami sa

the dirt, revision of history. we'll come for more than what we've been taught to take
palms shoved towards the sky
trying to forego misery
look god,
don't look at my skin but tell me something about heartlines
cutting through the palest part of me
i do not bleed for the war,
you will not catch me
while kabalyo kicks in the thunder
and races down the ridge into
swords
(walang hari sa pagkatpos ng
bagyo) there will be no king at the turn of this
storm.

lupa, at aayusin ng istorya. kukunin namin masmabuti saamin, hindi kung ano ano nag-
pumili para saamin
magtaas yung kamay sa araw
iwan ng kahirapan
tingnan, diyos
wag mo titingnan yung balat ko, sabihin mo saakin yung puso namin
putol sa pinakamalalim ko
hindi dudugo ako sa gera,
hindi mo hinuli ako
kapag magsipain ng kabalyo sa kumukulog
at tatakbo sa balakang
ng tabak
walang hari sa pagkatpos ng
bagyo.

bittercrop

mother when are they going to tell me
 there, found a hole in my head and pulled on spooled
 fabric, redlike
 the stream of viscera expunged to
 start my begin
 at the walk of life with something
 havoking biblical entropies into my
 topskin, worms and ilklike crying gateways
 of lesions

 we all try and survive in the
 samebody

as we go, brothers as twins
 or two-headed calfkid
 as frightened, boiling with revenge
 on itself

for something it could not
 say existed in full faith
 how salmon (v.) thrall upstream
 hungry, into a breathless fit of
 caged on a noseless cliffside

saying jump
 anchor,

jump
 organic runthrough of the cycle, there's no breaking chains
 from this one
 the strange fruit will keep thy ax down, and bleed

eating competition: the mona lisa, live

but i want to give her some time,
i will take my seat, left to her side
should
she be smiling today. and i take her from the wall, pry
body from frame
like dentistry, picking
apart the bones. blanket
her cross my lap and start peeling fruit from the corner
and put the age of paper
onto my tongue. this is communion, we now about thick as thieves
tastes of white tears and
immortality. an omen,
age old question
what do you do on doomsday? what happens when
black bites back.
'cause she likes the feeling of death, a warm cavern
of spit and dread. no more of her face,
i won't give up through her skin,
 what will be replaced
will burn
blacker than smoke
with the chorus of centuries
washing out god's favorite in mouth-red
enamel paint

Now
make room in the mouth
for grassesgrassesgrasses

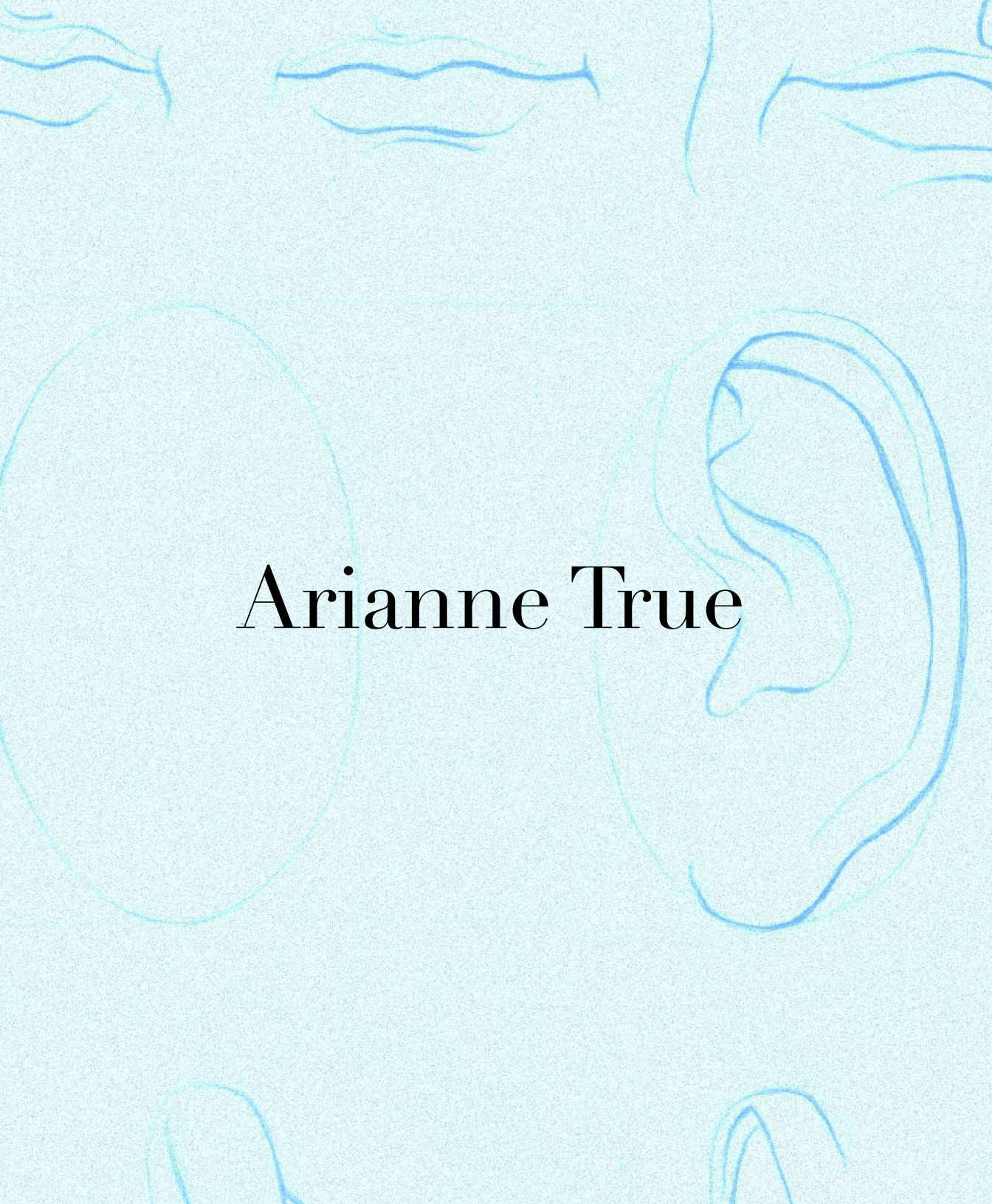
- Layli Long Soldier, *Whereas*

ON MARKS AND LACKS

...

Even though you are approaching [Sappho] in translation, that is no reason you should miss the drama of trying to read a papyrus torn in half or riddled with holes or smaller than a postage stamp – brackets imply a free space of imaginal adventure.

- Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter*



Arienne True

this kind of reaching

do you like the way it feels going into
a dark room, and your pupils expand
to fill your eyes?

have you felt that?
will you feel it now, now
that you know you might?

I love that feeling, it almost makes me
leave off the lights.
how full a pupil can feel, the middle of
each eye becoming as wide as it can
so fast, so fast I feel the muscles move,
feel how deep the darkness
in the ways my eyes expand and push out,
stretching to take in whatever scraps of light
might come in at the corners.

I love the texture of
this kind of reaching.

All I ever wonder is have you seen this,
Do you know what I put out in front of you.
Do you know how to read it.

What is the smile that traced your lips wide.
Tell me the type. Tell me your eyes.
Tell me the folds at the corners,
the smallest pleats joy makes of your face.
They get easier to see now, we are getting older,
slowly but I can feel it, the bones settle and
it's warm here.

Tell me which face to imagine when you read this.
I don't know them all yet but the ones I know
are so wonderful to me. What are you wearing,
there on your mouth, when we talk.

How often my fingers come to my lips when I talk to you

(Your body in text feels so physical to me.)
(I think this is what you mean when you say
you feel like we're always in person.)

When you write about how the nurses hold you up after fainting,
I see the way their hands dig just a bit firmly into your arms,
how your arms hold the print of their hands holding you up,
the slouch of your spine under its own weight partially propped,
the way your hair does and doesn't fall across your face, drowsy eyes.
All of it right there, how is a body so real in words at this distance,
how so real a body I've barely held / held only once.

the simplest reality of this is
that it's strange to be an unread notification on your phone
but to see your eyes on me anytime I move.
to watch how you pick my voice from a crowd, and answer it, every time.

that the buzz of my own phone, when I know it's you,
kicks up dust in my heart, each buzz a breath hitch and a felt thing.

it feels too pedestrian to write about, or somehow off limits,
but your words are no less real for the supposed no-poetry of how they reach me.

the simplest reality of this is
we are like any characters in any story.
I will not ask you. I don't even know
if you've felt the question.

I wonder if fall has started for you. if you change your blankets with the seasons. your coats

when I couldn't pick just one color, you offered me a rainbow.
paint across your open hands in every color you had.

Grief starts the summer wet with language

You will never hear me call you appo'si'
and I will never hear you call me loksi'
which is not my name but is what you would have called what you call me
in our language if we spoke it.
is the word for how you call me in this one

When I look up our word for grandmother, the word appo'si' comes into my head before I hit the enter key, not as a translation, but like an open hand. When the online dictionary provides it, it takes a minute to register I hadn't needed to look. That it came so automatically I didn't realize what the word in my brain meant in English, that I already knew it. This is the only word like that for me, so far in my own language. That can hit me faster than English can.

It is complicated but I am glad the word for you is the word I know deeper than translation.

Grief starts the summer wet with language

(illi isht anompa)

You will never hear me call you appo'si'
 and I will never hear you call me loksi'
 which is not my name but is what you would have called what you call me
 in our language if we spoke it.
 is the word for how you call me in this one

When I look up our word for grandmother, the word appo'si' comes into my head before I hit the enter key, not as anompa tosholi, but like osht umma. When the online dictionary provides it, it takes a minute to register I hadn't needed to look. That it came so automatically I didn't realize what the anompa in my brain meant in English, that I already knew it. This is the only word like that for me, so far in my own anompa. That can hit me faster than Naahollimanompa' can.

It is complicated but I am glad the word for you is the word I know deeper than translation.

Ladybugs moved into my car while I was gone this summer.
Filled the gaps in my door, larvae pupating on the springs and hinges, leaving husks glued there.
It's fall now, and I still find them.
Who knows how long those ladybugs live, but once, they lived here.
Here in the hinges.

I know goodbyes in so many languages but still not in ours.

(There is no word for “goodbye” in our language.)
(Only variations on the certainty of seeing someone again.)

I know the word for “ladybug” because I look it up.

Loksi' is closer to a turtle than a bug.
I'm happy to learn how we group different.
They bear the same name.
And luksu in the other language we could have had.
I am mutually intelligible in both languages I don't speak, when you call me this way.

Loksi' moved into my car while I was kunia yuppa tohmi pulli.

Filled the gaps in my door, larvae pupating on the springs and hinges, leaving husks glued there.

It's hushtola ummona now, and I still yumma akostinichi.

Who knows how long those loksi' ahunta, but once, they ahunta here.

Here in the hinges.

I know goodbyes in so many anompa but still not in ours.

(There is no word for "goodbye" in our language.)

(Only variations on the certainty of seeing someone again.)

I know the word for "ladybug" because I look it up.

Loksi' is closer to loksi' than issosh.

An ayukpa to learn how we group different.

They bear the same holhchifo.

And luksu in the anumpa we could have had.

I am mutually intelligible in both anompa I don't anompoli, when you call me this way.

My mother and I got the news together, by accident.
And there is nothing to do but keep cleaning.
She is over to help clear out the space my pets used to live in.
Now all passed, the last one still recent enough that my eyes sting remembering.
My mom washes down the walls with my hand on her back whenever she starts crying.
I look down, pick bedding and scraps out of the carpet.
What else is there to do?

(We could cry more, in front of each other.)

(I could stop trying to hold back for her sake, she for mine.)

(When I have to pause to let the sob move silently through, I could voice it.)

(And still ask her how she's doing with what her sister didn't mean to tell us today.)

(She could ask me anything and it would be more than now.)

(Should this poem be in Chikashanompa' or Chahta Anumpa?)

My ishki and I got the news together, by accident.
 And there is nothing to do but keep cleaning.
 She is over to help clear out the space my pets used to live in.
 Now all passed, the last one still recent enough that my eyes sting remembering.
 Umi ishki washes down the ayuksika with umi ilbuk on her back whenever she starts crying.
 I look down, pick bedding and scraps out of the carpet.
 What else is there to do?

(We hebieka yah more, in front of each other.)

(I could stop trying to im olubbi for her sake, she for mine.)

(When I have to pause to let the yah move chukilissa through, I could achi.)

(And still ask her how she's doing with what her itibapishi didn't mean to pushno anoli today.)

(She could ask me nana hokia and it would be more than now.)

(A few days later and so far it's just "have you talked to your grandmother?" and I can only say she's leaving me her necklace, the one my brother and I picked out and made our mother buy, too expensive, at the Siletz powwow when we were underfoot young.)

(The necklace she's worn for twenty-five years, only taking it off for heart surgeries, she's leaving it to me, she said.)

(My grandma won't be making it to her 90th birthday party that we're planning, and I can't tell my mom that last time we spoke, Grammy told me that if it's a memorial, we're not allowed to cry, that it falls to me to be the one to go around and tell people to buck up, smile and remember her.)

(I don't think I can do it.)

(I don't think anyone should.)

(I can't tell my mother this yet.)

(The last time I talked to my grandmother will now, it looks, be the last time I talk to her.)

(A few days later and so far it's just "have you talked to your appo'si?" and I can only say she's leaving me her necklace, the one my inukfi and I picked out and made our ishki buy, too expensive, at the Siletz powwow when we were underfoot young.)

(The isht telatapoli she's worn for twenty-five years, only taking it off for chukush surgeries, she's leaving it to me, she said.)

(My appo'si' won't be making it to her 90th birthday hahtuk kunomi that we're planning, and I can't tell my mom that last time we spoke, Grammy told me that if it's illi isht anompa, we're not allowed to yah, that it falls to me to be the one to go around and tell people to buck up, ayukpa and remember her.)

(I don't think I can do it.)

(I don't think anyone should.)

(I can't tell my ishki this yet.)

(The last time I talked to my appo'si' will now, it looks, be the last time I talk to her.)

(And the things she said. And how she said them. Promised to haunt me and I told her she'd be too busy and not to trouble herself. "Your grandma's a real ~~bitch~~," she said and I said, "I love you.")

(Now there's not enough oxygen left for her to speak, no matter what they do.)

(It's running out.)

(I'm glad for the photos I sent, the videos, that my aunt said made her happy to see.)

(Glad for the moments we spoke.)

(These years were already borrowed time and we forgot that.)

(I remember now.)

(Annokfoyuka himak ohsakeni.)

(And the things she said. And how she said them. Promised to uno awulichi and I told her she'd be too atuklama and not to trouble herself. "Your grandma's a real bitch," she said and I said, "I love you.")

(Now there's ikono mahli left for her to anompoli, no matter what they do.)

(It's running out.)

(I'm ayukpa for the photos I sent, the videos, that my ishkosi said made her ayukpa to see.)

(Ayukpa for the moments pushno anompoli tok.)

(These years were already pota and pushno im mulhkunia.)

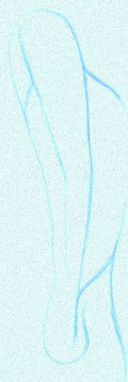
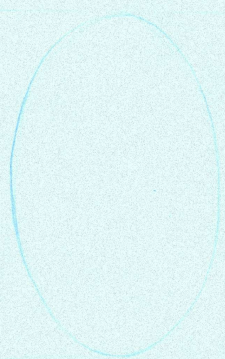
(Annokfoyuka now.)

It was more important to be together on the land in our _____.

We trusted the process, a gradual metamorphosis of our little braids into
_____ .

Do you see it.

- Layli Long Soldier, *Now, You Will Listen*



Naa Akua is a New York born poet, actor, educator, and sound-word practitioner who is Ghanaian/Bajan and queer. Akua uses the vibratory energy of sound and the intent of words as a vehicle towards healing. Akua, former 2019 Citizen University Poet-in-Residence is a Hugo House teacher and Young Women Empowered (Y-WE) youth facilitator.

Naa's work was translated with the help of **World Translation Center**.

Jordan Alam is a queer Bangladeshi American writer, performer, therapist, and former doula (forever #birthnerd). Their short stories and articles have been published in The Atlantic, SeattleMet, Autostraddle, CultureStrike Magazine, Entropy, and The Rumpus among others. They have performed on stage and facilitated workshops on embodied writing nationwide, most recently at Kundiman, Hugo House, and Town Hall Seattle. They are currently working on a debut novel about family secrets told from the points of view of four Bangladeshi American women in the aftermath of their mother's unexpected death. You can follow them on Instagram at @jordan_alam or find out more about their work at jordanalam.com.

Jordan's work was translated by **Sanzida Afrin**.

Brian Dang (they/them) is a Vietnamese/Chinese playwright/poet/teaching artist based in Duwamish Territory (Seattle). For Brian, writing is an act of envisioning an eventual communing, an opportunity to freeze time as we know it, and a reaching for joy. They really like bread. Website: brianeatswords.com

Anis is your hot gay dad. According to their titas, they are and always have been masyadong suplada, masungit, walang hiya. They write about surviving sexual violence, which is to say, they write about returning to trust. They are disliked, disbelieved, and less and less afraid. Follow their instagram attempts @artista_anisgisele.

Anis's work was translated by **Victoria Gardner**.

Jéhan Òsanyìn (they/them) is a somatic abolitionist and futurist facilitator who is also an Equity actor and Gregory Award nominated playwright. They studied theatre in Japan, Hong Kong, Vietnam, India, Kenya, Tanzania, South Africa, Brazil and Venezuela. Jéhan produces their art through their experimental experiential art studio, earthseed, where studio research and performance explores the stories our bodies tell with and without our consent. Earthseed offers individual coaching, workshops, and lots of opportunities to investigate racialized identity development through experiential education and liberation.

Bel Quiaoit is inclined to break through western ideals of art and transform it into its beginning form: art for human's sake. Peddling poems and novellas from underneath a secret burrow, their sublimity concerns the dark corners of human existence, in an erotic, dismal, pathetic rain-mundane way. They invite you to break apart their work and toss a follow to their instagram @kaocountry.

Bel's work was translated by **Jadenne Radoc Cabahug** / jrcwork.weebly.com

Arianne True (Choctaw, Chickasaw) is a queer poet and teaching artist from Seattle, and has spent most of her work time working with youth. She's received fellowships and residencies from Jack Straw, the Hugo House, Artist Trust, and the Seattle Repertory Theater, and is a proud alum of Hedgebrook and of the MFA program at the Institute of American Indian Arts. She lives near the Salish Sea with her cat. Arianne is the 2023-2025 Washington State Poet Laureate.

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